A PRELUDE....For The Tribune.

My desk is heaped with niceties
From tropic lands divine;
But this is braver far than all—
A flask of Chianti wine!

Brim up my golden drinking-cup,
And reach a dish of fruit,
And then unlock my cabinet
And hand me out my lute;

For when these luxuries have fed
And filled my brain with light,
I must compose a nuptial song
To suit my bridal night!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF MATHEMATICS. Translated from the French of AUGUSTE COMTE, by W. M. GILLESPIE, Professor in Union College. 8vo. pp. 260. Harper & Brothers.

It speaks well for the devotion to science in this country, that the present admirable analysis of the primary principles of mathematics should be issued from the American press under such worthy auspices. Prof. Gillespie has thus rendered a service to the cause of intellectual culture, which we are bound to acknowledge with grateful emphasis. The work, although not intended, nor adapted for popular reading,—addressing the highest faculty of abstraction which the intellect can exercise,—assuming a conversancy with the most recondite details of mathematical calculation,—and clothed in the austere language of logical deduction,—cannot fail to win the attention of thinking men, and to be classed among the few standard treatises of science which are read for the pure gratification which they afford to the reflective powers. The mere practical student, who seeks in mathematical science nothing but the utility of its various and significant applications,—who looks for immediate results which shall tell on ship-building, on the arrangement of machinery, on the construction of canals and railroads,—who is wholly absorbed in the concrete elements, which are so much the order of the day in modern times, and especially with the eager, restless, projectile American,—will no doubt find this a tough bone to pick on a hot afternoon, and will be apt to wish that Prof. Gillespie had confined himself to his legitimate function of throwing light on the duties of the engineer and roadmaker, instead of perplexing the brain of his readers with the subtle hair-splitting of the French transcendentalist.

The work is designed for persons of a different order of intellect. It aims to solve a similar problem in regard to mathematics, with that proposed in Humboldt's Cosmos in relation to the material universe, that is, the detection of the principle of unity amid the variety of phenomena. Accepting the established processes of mathematics as a fact, Comte endeavors to trace them to the ultimate principle of thought in which they had their origin, and thus enters a difficult but highly attractive sphere of the transcendental philosophy. With what success he has accomplished his task, must be decided by the reader after a studious perusal of his analyses. For ourselves, believing that all such attempts, in the present state of knowledge, can only be approximative, we still recognise the comprehensive wisdom, the masterly power of generalization, and the exquisite critical keenness with which Comte has performed the task of contributing toward an ultimate solution of the problem.

In the commencement of the volume the author engages in a very curious investigation, in order to determine the true object of mathematical science. This is one of the most characteristic portions of the work, and gives a favorable specimen of Comte's method.

A common definition of mathematics is given by naming it "the science of magnitudes." This is entirely loose, affording no additional idea, and containing no exact description of the object to be explained. We gain a step by calling it "the science which has for its purpose the measurement of magnitudes." But this does not go to the bottom of the matter. We suppose in every process of measurement, a comparison of the magnitude in question, with another similar magnitude which is supposed to be known and which is adopted as the unit of reference. Hence, this definition reduces mathematics to a simple mechanical method, which gives the ratio of the quantities to be measured to those by which we wish to measure them. The error in the case consists in supposing that the measurement of magnitude is always direct, whereas, in the great majority of cases, it is not only not direct, but impossible. If there were no other means than direct comparison for determining magnitudes, we could make no progress in this department of knowledge.

It is obvious that the simplest case which we can imagine—the measurement of one strait line by another—is encumbered with great difficulties. The conditions necessary to measure a line can seldom be realized at the same time. Even the most probable of all these conditions—that of being able to pass over the whole line from end to end, in order to apply the unit of measurement—cannot be fulfilled in the most important distances. For example, all the distances from one celestial body to another, or from any one of them to the earth, are inaccessible in this way. Even the greater number of terrestrial distances are in the same predicament. Of course, they are excluded by the definition. Still further, a direct measurement requires that the length be neither too great, nor too small, and also that it be suitably situated—for a horizontal line which could be easily measured in its natural position, if turned into a vertical position, would become inaccessible. These difficulties are greatly increased in the measurement of surfaces, velocities, times, forces, and the like, which are less susceptible of direct measurement than is frequently the case with lines. We are accordingly thrown back on a new definition of mathematics. Its precise object is clearly to ascertain magnitudes which do not admit of a direct measurement, by connecting them with others which we can determine immediately, and then discovering the first through the relations which subsist between the two.

This definition is presented in a still more comprehensive aspect, when we consider that the indirect determination of magnitudes may be indirect in very different degrees. In a great many cases, the magnitudes of comparison, by means of which we determine the principal magnitudes, cannot be measured directly themselves. They must accordingly be made the subjects of a separate process. A long series of intermediate magnitudes must thus be decided, before the main problems are susceptible of solution.

We may illustrate this by the phenomena of falling bodies. Each case of this kind presents two quantities, namely, the hight from which a body has fallen, and the time of its fall. These have an invariable connection, or, in geometrical language, are functions of each other. The mathematical problem which they suggest, is solved by substituting for the direct measurement of one of these magnitudes, the measurement of the other, and from the relation between them, deducing the value of the unknown quantity.—This example presents a very simple question, when we consider only the relation between time and distance, without regarding the principle of accelerated velocity, or the resistance of the medium. It becomes complicated, when we take other elements into account, such as the vertical or horizontal direction of the line of motion, and others, which give rise to a great number of distinct mathematical questions.

The most general idea, therefore, which can be given of mathematical science, is to define its object as being to determine certain magnitudes from others by means of the precise relations existing between them. The science is thus shown to consist of an immense series of mental processes, in which it is essential to regard all the quantities which any phenomena can present, as so interwoven with each other, as to enable the inquirer to deduce the unknown among them from the already known.

From this general definition, the author proceeds to the divisions of the science, and the different kinds of problems of which it is constantly composed. The primary division is into Abstract mathematics and Concrete mathematics, which is in fact involved in the most simple mathematical question. This may be illustrated by the example already referred to, that of falling bodies. If we wish to determine the hight by the time, or conversely, we must ascertain the exact relation between the two elements. Until this is accomplished, we have no basis of calculation. We must not only know that they have a mutual dependence, but we must determine in what this dependence consists. The solution of this problem forms the concrete portion of the investigation, and in the present case is the most difficult and important step in the process. But when this is determined, the inquiry assumes another shape, and presents merely an abstract, numerical question. In this case, the concrete process is the most difficult. But the reverse would be true, if we considered the same phenomenon in its greatest generality. We thus see the connection between mathematics and physical science, properly so called. Concrete mathematics has an experimental character, and is essentially physical and phenomenal. Abstract mathematics is purely logical and rational. The division of abstract mathematics, under the leading heads of Analysis and Geometry, is treated in the remainder of the work, which brings us into a field of inquiry, where the author must be followed with a firm and cautious step, in order to appreciate his profound and suggestive disquisitions.

The student will be greatly aided in the comprehension of this work, by the manner in which Prof. Gillespie has executed the translation. In point of clearness of statement and smoothness of flow, it has the advantage of the original. The cumbersome sentences, in which the author too often indulges, are broken up into more convenient periods, and his minute ramifications of expression are exchanged for a terseness and simplicity, far more in accordance with the demands of science.

EUROPE.

AUSTRIA.

The Arrest of Mr. Brace.

DESCRIBED BY HIMSELF.

PESTH, (HUNGARY,) June 26, 1851.

To the Editor of the New-York Tribune:

I had hardly thought that the first of my letters from Hungary to *The Tribune*, would be an account of my own imprisonment—but so it has happened. An American citizen, traveling under the Pass of his own Government, and under the protection of the Austrian, has suddenly been arrested, searched, and imprisoned like a felon, for four weeks, on the vaguest grounds, even of *suspicion*. We doubt whether such an open, unprovoked attack on the rights of a foreign citizen, has ever occurred in Europe. It is not a question of me, the sufferer, only. It concerns the free and just in all lands, and every stranger who may hereafter enter the Austrian territory. It especially concerns the nation of which I am a member, and whose rights, in me, have been violated.

But as my only object is *justice*, and to lay before my countrymen a true picture of the procedure of the Austrian Court in this matter, I will relate the facts as simply and definitely as possible.

I had been traveling for a considerable time in Hungary, enjoying the enthusiastic welcome which an American will ever receive in that land, studying as I had done in other lands the character and especially the political institutions of the people, when I reached at length a city in the south-eastern part, Grosswardein.

A few hours after my arrival, I went in company with the friend I was visiting, to a hotel to dine. I recollect now, at the table where we were sitting, were two gentlemen who for some reason I could not account for to myself—left an impression on my mind, at the time, of interest. However, I thought no more of it, but according to the invariable rule, which I have observed in all public places in the Austrian territory, I joined in no conversation until, at length, my friend, wishing to show, perhaps, he had an American acquaintance, asked me a question about the Hungarian Colony in Iowa. I said a few words in reply, such as that the climate was excellent, soil good, and that Ujhazy had chosen the place remarkably well; that Ujhazy himself was very much respected in America, and it was said he worked very hard in the Colony, &c. &c. These words, as it appears, were the principal cause of my arrest. After this, along with my friend, I visited the various acquaintances to whom I had letters, as well as others in the city, until, the next day, as we were calling on the *Obergespan*, I was told by him I stood under suspicion, as I had not handed in my pass for a visè. I replied that I supposed that twenty-four hours were allowed for this, here as in other Hungarian cities, and hurried off at once to the "Place-Commandant," to arrange the matter, feeling a little anxious, as I knew the authorities would be glad of any pretext to attack an American. The Commandant, however, received me very politely, and assured me there would be no difficulty whatever, and I returned quietly to dine with an acquaintance.

While at dinner, and in the midst of our congratulations that we had taken away all pretext from the Police for any proceedings against "the American," in stalked the Chief of Police, with a *gens d'arme* and a warrant for my arrest and the searching of my effects, on the charge that I had "Proclamations" with me. We took the matter very quietly, and after some explanations, the Police Director sat down with us to dinner, and we finished our meal and drank coffee together, and then all drove off to my lodgings, supposing it was only a trifle, which would be settled at once, by the examination of my papers. The order for my arrest, it appears, had been made out the day before, *within six hours* after my arrival, and, as I was lodging with a friend, the *gens d'arme* had not been able to find me, and had searched for me, the whole night through, in every hotel and lodging house of the city. After a close examination of my friend's effects, the *gens d'arme* and myself drove to the office of one of the military authorities—left my port-folio and papers there, and, with some delay at the barracks, we rode out of the town to the old Castle, "for a temporary arrest," as he said.

As we rattled under the heavy old arched gateway, however, into the court within, I had a presentiment it might not go so well with me as I had thought; for I remembered I was an American, alone, and friendless, in an Austrian prison, in the heart of Hungary. My gens d'arme led me up through an old, dilapidated stairway and hall, and there handed me over to two soldiers, who stood on guard over me, with fixed bayonets. Here we waited some time, until at length a little officer, with a sharp voice, told the soldiers to bring me up stairs. Up, accordingly, we marched, and the officer asked why I was here. "I have not the slightest idea," I replied; "I supposed it was because I was an American."

He then said, he had command to search my person, and, without more ceremony, he proceeded to the work. Every possible hole and corner was searched in my pockets; and everything, to the last *kreutzer* and smallest bit of paper, taken out, and carefully noted down. I said not a word during the whole search, though I know nothing more degrading to the feelings of a freeman than such procedure. After this was over, he took me through a dirty room, where were some half-dozen men—into a still dirtier, dimly lighted by a grated window, which was boarded up on the outside nearly to the top, and told me, "there were my quarters."

I asked him if he "could give me no better?"

"No," said he, "I am ordered to place you here! You can have these two gentlemen here for company. It will be part of your experience as a traveler. *Gute Nacht!*"

The two "gentlemen" were, the one a common Honved, convicted of carrying a false pass, and the other a tailor, sentenced to five months for having a concealed weapon.

I had not been there long before a friendly voice from the other room called me to the key-hole, and told me "not to be *blue*, for it was always hard at first."

"And, friend, what is the news from *our* people in Europe?"

I replied, "I did not know at all, for I was only a traveler—". Whereupon the voice wished me a good sleep, in French, and struck up, for my consolation, the "*Marseillèise*," with great spirit.

As it may be imagined, I slept little that night. I saw there was a deliberate intention to treat me as a common criminal, and I knew I was completely in the power of the Austrian police. Yet I felt confident that not the slightest word or writing of a treasonable character, could be brought up against me—and, if there was the least justice here, I was sure of coming out directly. To add to my discomfort, was the filthy state of the bed, which was full of fleas, so that my body, on the next morning looked as if I had had a frightful cutaneous disorder. In the afternoon of the next day, Sunday, May 25, I was summoned before the Court, composed of four military officers, with the "*Beisitzers*."

At first, as is usual, came a great number of unimportant questions, as to my birth-place, name, profession, &c., &c., and at length the question, put with great earnestness by the examining Major, "*What are your objects in Hungary?*" As I was before a court of soldiers, as a man not accustomed to be ashamed of his objects anywhere, I explained fully and frankly my plans:

"I am traveling in Hungary, gentlemen, as I have traveled in other lands, with the purpose of studying the character and manners of the people, and with the particular object of investigating the old political institutions of the Hungarians. There has always been a want of good reports in America, with respect to the old Constitution of this Nation. I wished to see its workings, on the spot. My object has been no other than that of a candid investigator."

I soon saw that I had made a great mistake. I was not, at all, before a frank soldier, or a court dispensing justice, but in the hands of a keen, cold, heartless inquisitor, using every device to entangle me, and determined, from some unaccountable reason, to fasten a crime upon me.

"We do not believe your account, sir," said he, "we know the sympathy of the Americans with these revolutionists here. We know that no American traveler would leave the great routes of travel for such a vague purpose as this. You are the first who has ever been in the land. We know your object!"

It was in vain, I assured him that our country men traveled in all lands; and that to a thinking man, nothing was more interesting than the political institutions of a country. He would hear nothing of it, and I gave up the controversy, by asking for "his proofs of any other object!"

He did not answer, but continued with a most searching investigation, as to my acquaintance with the Hungarian emigrants.

Fortunately for me, I had met but few whose names I remembered, and of these, the only one of importance was Gen. Czetz, whom I had met in Hamburg, and who had, very politely, given me a note of introduction to a friend in Pesth, which I still had with me. The note was of the simplest form ever used in Europe, merely—"The Herr von C. introduces with pleasure, Mr. ——, to his friend Mr. S. of P." Yet this was pounced upon with the greatest avidity, by the examining Major, or "Auditor," as he is called.

"We understand the countersigns and secret devices of your Democratic Society. You hide a conspiracy under a few words. There is a plot here!"

I could hardly help smiling at such a perversion of a simple matter, and told him, he must know the world very little, or he would know,—nothing was more common, than such formal introductions. I had a dozen now in my portfolio.

Among the Emigrants I mentioned I had seen *Ujhazy* in New-York. To this, he returned again and again. "Where had I spoken with him?" "I had never spoken with him." "What is your connection with him." "I have none." "Speak out, sir, open and frankly. Do not hold back so much! What is your agreement with Ujhazy, and where are your letters from him!"

"I repeat it—and it will not be necessary to say it again, that I do not know Ujhazy, and have never spoken with him. If you have proofs, you must bring them forward. I cannot understand how such a suspicion of my being in a complot can have arisen! Even if I had known Ujhazy and the whole Hungarian Emigration it would be no evidence of any conspiracy with them."

Next came up the point of my having visited certain persons who were, in 1848, engaged in the Revolution. I admitted it, but urged that I had also visited men of the other party, even the Government officials, and that my letters were to the principal men of all parties.

"We understand it, Sir! That is your *screen!*" said he.

In my pack was found a revolutionary pamphlet printed in 1848, on which the "*Auditor*" laid great stress, as proving my revolutionary purposes.

"It proves nothing," said I, in reply; "I have been collecting documents from all sides, and this is one. I can prove from Vienna, that when there, I read works on the other side. Besides, even if it showed my political sentiments, it does not at all prove I am in a revolutionary complot. And furthermore, old revolutionary pamphlets, which no one reads now except the historical investigator, are the very last things an *emissary* would carry about with him!"

"The reading works on the other side was only natural in an educated man," said he.

I then ventured to ask, "What would *not* be suspicious in an American in the view of the Austrian authorities! It was 'suspicious' to visit men of the Hungarian party, and only a 'sham' to visit those of the other. It was 'revolutionary' if one read books on one side, and and proved nothing good if one read them on the other."

"I am not here to argue," was the reply.

Every slightest thing which the Auditor could find to make out a case against me was eagerly grasped.

I had been visiting a gentleman in the neighborhood, who was intimately connected with one of the leaders of the Hungarian party in 1848. As I was going away, he gave me his own card, which I could present as a card of introduction to his relative, now residing in England. Being in a hurry, I merely wrote down on the card the address in London, and dropped it in my pocket. This was all eagerly caught at by the prosecuting officer.

"It was not a common card—for then, there would be no pencil marks upon it. It was not a card of invitation, for there is nothing said of introduction on it. It is the secret cover of a plot. Confess, Sir, what there is under this! Beside, why have you visited this family!"

I replied, that I had had a letter of introduction to the gentleman, and I wished especially to see something of country life and of a farm, on a *Puszta*. And, as for the card of invitation, it could not be thought a crime, when the gentleman himself had been allowed, by Government, to go to England to visit his relative.

At the close of the examination, some six hours in length, came the charge against me, in the following words: "*You are a member of the Democratic Verein, (Union) and employed by the Committee, and an agent of Ujhazy and Czetz, here in Hungary, for the purpose of spreading revolutionary movements!*"

As it appeared later, the only possible evidence which they had for this charge, besides what is mentioned above, were the words I had uttered in the hotel. The two men opposite us at table were members of the Secret Police, and had reported immediately that there was an American in the city who "spoke as if acquainted with Ujhazy."

I beg the reader to consider the whole mode of this examination, as showing the spirit of the Court toward the accused in this case. A stranger is suddenly summoned before a secret Court. He is not allowed to hear the accusation against him. He knows nothing of the testimony. He is permitted no advocate nor friend, must defend himself on a question, perhaps of life and death, in a foreign language. The examination is not that of a magistrate searching for the probabilities of an offense, but of an inquisitor, determined to entangle and to punish.

After this examination succeeded some others, unimportant, and then the long, weary, almost hopeless days of imprisonment. I saw that every effort would be strained to punish the American; I knew that I was completely in the hands of men with whom justice and mercy were no object, and far from any aid from the nation, which in me was attacked.

I might lay for months, years, rotting in that dull prison. The sense of injustice, of indignation at such a mean reprisal for the generous sympathy of my countrymen added themselves to the many and desolate feelings which come over a man in such a situation.

However, I resolved at once on the only means for my deliverance, and this was, to communicate with our Embassy in Vienna. This was difficult, as we were all closely watched and every letter by mail would certainly be opened. From the extraordinary sympathy of the people without, however, for my case, I at length succeeded; and, as I have since learned, this probably saved me.

For three days after my examination I was closely locked up, with my two companions, but after this, allowed the privilege of walking an hour in the court with the other prisoners. I made repeated attempts to obtain a hearing with the Major, in order to express my sense of my treatment, and at length, after nearly three weeks of imprisonment succeeded, as it was necessary for me to see him, in order to draw my money.

He asked, what I wished with him?

"I wish," said I, "to report myself to the Court Martial with respect to my treatment here, through this whole case, I beg you to remember that the matter is quite as serious a one for you Sir, as for me. You have suddenly, on mere suspicion, arrested me, a free American citizen, traveling with a pass, under the protection of your Government and my own. You have treated me like a felon. You have shut me up with men whom the Austrian Government regards as the greatest criminals—some of them even yet under sentence of death. You have thrown me into most filthy quarters, where my whole body is eaten with fleas"—[and, as I said this, I bared my arm before him, all blotched and marked by the insects.] "And more than this, sir, you have held me here for *three weeks*, on such slight proof, and on a charge, so unsupported, that I must consider it an attack on me as an American. I know our Government and our people. They will never suffer a free citizen, to be mistreated, on such grounds. They will hold you responsible, Sir, and your Government, for these proceedings!"

He had, by this time, as I have since learned, received intelligence of a spirited appeal of Mr. McCurdy's, in Vienna, for my release, and he evidently felt alarmed. The bullying manner of the previous examinations, was changed for the most soft and winning. He begged me to be assured he had not been aware of my treatment in the prison. He himself might be convinced of my innocence, but he was obliged to carry out the investigation according to the usual forms.—He had always felt a sincere respect for the Americans—and he hoped I would not think he had delayed this investigation.—My papers were all in English or French, and he had been obliged to send them to Pesth for translation.—He regretted extremely the long delay, &c., &c.

Before closing this long letter, I beg my countrymen to notice the *proofs*—if proofs they can be called—in this case against the accused. 1. A note of introduction from a prominent Hungarian emigrant. 2. A card of introduction to another Hungarian emigrant in England. 3. The fact that certain persons had been called upon who were compromised in the Revolution of 1848. 4. The possession of a pamphlet and history advocating the Hungarian side. 5. Words implying an acquaintance with Ujhazy!

On these proofs have I, for 30 days, been confined in an Austrian prison, and even yet am in "arrest" in the house of the Chief of Police in Pesth.

Whatever the proofs were, the results would have been the same. The order for my arrest—as I can show hereafter—*came from Vienna*, not Grosswardein!

Americans! your fellow-citizen has ventured into a distant land, under the protection of your name! In open day, while observing every law of the country in which he travels, he is dragged to a dungeon and treated as a felon.

Even as you are bound, on your own streets and highways, to protect your poorest citizen from the attack of the assassin or the robber, so equally are you bound, in these distant lands, to shield your humblest countryman from the violence of an unjust Government! C. L. S.

FRANCE.

Politics and Things in General.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

PARIS, Thursday, July 10, 1851.

M. de Tocqueville, reporter of the commissioner for examining the propositions for revision, and M. de Melun, reporter of the subcommission for collecting and methodizing the petitions upon the same subject, have both submitted their reports to the Assembly. M. de Tocqueville's conclusions are favorable to a total revision, or revision without previous specification of the articles to be modified. The document is a cool, unimpassioned performance, and utterly fails of moving or convincing a mind inclined to an adverse opinion upon the subject in debate. The vote upon accepting or rejecting it in committee was 8 to 6, (M. Corcelles being absent,) each party keeping its own numbers intact. As the general discussion comes on so soon, (next Monday, July 14,) I do not deem it worth while to give M. de Tocqueville's arguments in full, as I shall have occasion during the progress of the contest to refer to them quite often enough. Among the members who are to speak in favor of the conclusions of the report are M. M. Falloux, Odilon and Ferdinand Barret, Coquerel, de Broglié, de Montalembert, de Melun and Dufaure, beside about 20 others less known to your readers. Among those who are to speak against the proposition for revision, reported by M. de Tocqueville, are Emanuel Arago, Victor Hugo, Jules Favre, Bac, Madier de Montjau, Cavaignac and about 20 others. Lamartine has not yet put down his name, as intending to speak. It is the custom in the French chamber for the orators to follow each other *a tour de role*—that is a person defending a measure is always succeeded at the tribune by one opposing it and *vice versa*—two supporters or two opponents never speaking successively. To keep up this alternation with effect, it is necessary for those intending to take part in the discussion to write their names in advance in the secretary's book, and state upon which side they will speak, whether for or against.

M. de Tocqueville is the Magnus Apollo in France upon all subjects relating to America. Every thing which proceeds from his oracular jaws upon republicanism in the United States, is considered as authentic as the Gospel according to John. Great, therefore, was the chagrin of the Americans, on learning that the following outrageous statement of the mode in which the President is elected in the United States, had been read from the tribune by M. de Tocqueville:

"The President of the United States emanates from universal suffrage, but not directly. It was considered dangerous to confide the election to the hazards of a direct and universal vote. The power to be chosen was thought to be too important and too remote from the elector, for the choice of the latter to be enlightened and mature. The American nation only chooses delegates, who in their turn choose the President. These delegates represent, without doubt, the general spirit of the country, its tendencies, its tastes, often its passions and prejudices, but they are in the possession of knowledge and powers of judging which the people have not. They thus come to an exact idea of the wants of the people; they know the candidates, compare them together, weigh their comparative merits, and finally make a selection, which the private citizen, in the midst of his labors, and the occupation of his necessary industry, would be incapable of doing."

So that the 150 representatives hold the immoveable belief that every four years, the American people, conscious of its own ignorance, its inability to make a decent choice, abdicates and makes over its rights to somebody else. I doubt whether a more scandalous misrepresentation was ever made in any Legislative Assembly.

M. de Melun, in his report upon the petitions, which have been presented to the chamber, takes occasion to blame severely the part that the authorities have played in the procuring of signatures. This, coming from a a person who, favoring revision, is a severe blow for the administration. He says:

"In several communes, the Mayor states that the public School teachers and the game Keepers, have been charged with the duty of collecting signatures. In others, the petition was left at the Mayor's office, where the inhabitants were called upon to sign it.—Sometimes the Mayor excuses himself by some plea or other, for the paucity of the adhesions he has been able to obtain, as if he was giving an account of his conduct to the superior authority.—Sometimes a Mayor, thinking thereby to render himself acceptable to the President, delivers certificates of zeal to certain of his emissaries, and makes mention of others in a way any thing but agreeable.—Justices of the Peace denounce the Mayors that won't lend a hand to the movement, and Mayors denounce refractory Justices of the Peace."

The report finishes with the following sentence; hard as it is, the Minister of the Interior well deserves it:

"May this result be a lesson for the administration, which in such cases, so far from encouraging, ought to check the ardor of its functionaries. Its intolerance only weakens the importance of a movement in which the morality, the sincerity, *spontaneity* of the petitioners are of more effect than the mere abstract number of the signatures. *The hand of the Government in increasing their total somewhat, is very far from augmenting their value.*"

There is no hope for revision at the first trial, whatever may be the result at subsequent attempts.

The famous Central Committee of Resistance has at last been nabbed, and all their *materiel*, press-proof, copy, forms and type, seized and removed to close quarters. Twelve persons implicated have been arrested. Three of them are the Editors of the *Bulletin*, while the others, doffing for the moment their real professions of schoolmaster, clock-maker, lemonade man, musical instrument maker, coffee house keeper, wine dealer and professor, donned for the nonce, those of compositor, proofreader and pressman. The 12th issue of this crazy league is as violent and senseless as its predecessors. The President is apostrophized as a *crétin stupide et têtu*, a pot-house expression, which may be rendered by the phrase, a *stupid and wrong-headed spooney*. A bold figure of speech concludes this precious appeal to the Democracy: "Brothers be on the qui vive; if they tear the Constitution, we'll wad our rifles with the pieces!" There's one consolation in this threat; if they don't wad their rifles with anything else, they won't do much harm.

The body of a gentleman, for such he was supposed to be from his dress, was found yesterday in the Seine, at St. Cloud. He wore the decoration of some foreign order, and in his pockets were found a watch, diamonds, 500 francs in gold and a letter, which proved that the inconstancy and treachery of a certain lady were the cause of his suicide. Addressed to this same lady was a note, containing the following lines:

Quid levius plumâ? Pulvis. Quid pulvere? Ventus.
Quid vento? Malier. Quid Maliere? Nihil.

If this were French, I should feel bound to translate it; but as it is not, I am not supposed to know anything more about it than your readers. "Frailty, thy name is woman," is a free and easy version.

The visit of Louis Napoleon to Beauvais, and the inauguration of the statue of Jeanne Hachette, have suggested an idea to the management of the dancing garden known as the Chateau Rouge, which is conveyed in the following advertisement: "The management is preparing a musical and dancing solemnity for Thursday next of an extraordinary originality and eccentricity. Being in honor of Jeanne Hachette, the protectress of Beauvais, the ladies will on this occasion hold the scepter of authority. The order of nature will be reversed; the world turned upside down. The orchestra will be conducted by Madame Marian. The ladies will regulate the programme of the evening, invite gentlemen to dance, let off the fireworks, and have entire control of the police. The only privileges which the lords of creation will be allowed to retain, is that of paying five francs for admission! Now if we only had a few Bloomers here and some of those strongminded women from the pork-growing State, it would render the attraction quite irresistible.

Charles Hugo, who, you will remember, appealed from the decision of the Court of Assizes, in the affair of the article written by him upon the execution of Montcharmont, has, upon second thoughts, desisted from his appeal, and has decided to undergo the penalty prescribed by the Court. It seems the *Evénement* is already overwhelmed with suits, and as an unsuccessful appeal always subjects the appellant to an additional fine, he judges it the wisest plan to be satisfied with things as they are.

Baron Dudevant, the premature announcement of whose death was taken out by the last steamer, so far from having "inhabited an obscure apartment in the Twelfth Ward," is still living in true baronial style at his chateau in the Lot, at Garonne. He never reads, by the way, his wife's romances. His decease was believed in Paris, for several literary gentlemen of eminence are said to have laid their hands and fortunes at the feet of George Sand. A new paper here, which never allows itself a joke, and whose editors never laugh by any chance, announced the death of the Baron in the following manner:

"Died, yesterday, the Baron Dudevant, husband of our illustrious romancer M. George Sand."

Everybody has admired the simplicity of Cincinnatus, the Roman Dictator, who returned to his plow and his furrow, after having for a certain period held the helm of the ship of State. Everybody has read with mingled pity and admiration of the sublime poverty of Johnson, who wrote his romance of Rosselas to purchase the rites of burial for the body of his dead mother. But we doubt whether the ludicrous mixture of a great name and a very mundane occupation in the following card, will excite any deeper emotion than that of mirth. Lest any skeptic should doubt, let me premise that the advertisement is bona fide, as any one may prove for himself about dinner-time. The card in question is as follows:

MADAME L. RIPERT,
Sister of
MR. A. THIERS,
Former President of the Council of Ministers,
KEEPS A TABLE D'HOTE,
At 3 francs a head, wines included. Ladies 2½ frs.
At 6 o'clock
Breakfast at 11 o'c.—4½ francs.
44 RUE BASSE DU RAMPART,
Paris.

We may expect next the announcement of M. Guizot to advertise for washing and ironing, or, perhaps, the niece of M. Duchatel to hang out a sign as thus: Waiting and tending: Going out to day's work done here. N. B.—Carpets shook to order. No connection with any other concern." I understand that there is no necessity for Adolphe Thiers' sister to keep a Restaurant, and that she does it from caprice, or as a means of wreaking a humiliating vengeance for some family slight or pique. She gives good dinners, however, requiring each new customer to be introduced and guaranteed by some habitue in good standing.

I give you an abstract of the programme of the grand succession of fêtes, announced for the eight days, comprehended between the 25th August and the 2d September. They may probably never be realized, but as the conception is on a scale of unequalled magnificence, due as it is to the brains of an architect and a firework maker, it can do you no harm to know how the Parisians propose to amuse themselves on that occasion. FIRST DAY: Triumphal march of the Industry of all nations. The city will be decorated at all the principal points in a manner befitting the celebration. A colossal Statue of Peace will be erected on the top of the *Arch of Triumph*. (This monument is 150 feet high.) A colossal Statue of Humanity will be placed at the Champ de Mars. The torch in the hand of the statue will burn at night by the application of electricity. The flags and colors of all nations as well as their national and peculiar airs, will form a feature in the procession. SECOND DAY: Agricultural and horticultural exhibition in the building erected especially for the celebrations of the week in the Champs Elysées. It will cover 65,000 square feet. THIRD DAY: Festivity at the Pantheon in honor of the illustrious men of all countries. FOURTH DAY: Public concerts and balls in the Garden of the Luxembourg, the Place des Vosges and the Palais National. FIFTH DAY: Historical fête at the new building in the Champs Elysées. 500 musicians, 1,500 chorists and 500 artists are engaged for the solemnity, which will consist in the representation of a graced lyric drama, representing the progress of civilization. M. Méry, the best poet in Paris, on occasional subjects has signed an engagement to write the poem which will be divided into epochs. 1st. Egyptian civilization, the statue Memnon, the Sphynx, Pyramids, &c. 2d. Grecian civilization: the temples and statues of the heathen Gods. 3d. Ancient Rome. 4th. Christian Rome, and 5th. Paris with its monuments and palaces, as the center, head and front, source and fountain, exponent and embodiment of modern civilization! Mr. Lacombe has undertaken to furnish the music by the 10th of August. SIXTH DAY: Carousel and review at Versailles. In the evening will be performed on a raft moored in the Seine a play written by Molière, called Alcine, or the Enchanted Island. The spectators will be seated upon the shore of the river. The whole to conclude with a display of fireworks from the Palace, so arranged as to lead the admiring crowd to suppose that ancient residence of kings and courts to be on fire. SEVENTH DAY: Fête of Hospitality. Ball in Tolle des Champs Elysées in honor of all the strangers of distinction in the capital. EIGHTH DAY: Grand Finale. Balls, concerts, tournaments, races, games, illuminations and fireworks, to be followed the next day by a distribution of medals to such persons as shall have most distinguished themselves in the execution of the works of art, statues, &c. The realization of this project is rendered doubtful by the paucity of the contributions. It requires a million and a half of francs, and subscribers are shy. The President has approved it, however, and it is considered a plausible scheme for attracting foreigners with distended pocket-book into the capital. C. L. S.

Association.

PARIS, July 10, 1851.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

One of the most useful and beneficent Associations in Paris is *Association Générale Des Familles*. It was organized last year. In January last it numbered 179 associates, who have since increased to about 500. The object of the Association is to supply *its members* with groceries. In this respect it is not unlike sundry Leagues and Unions in England and America.

To become a member it is necessary, first, to have a good moral character; and second, to pay an admission fee of five and a half francs ($1), which sum is returned in case of withdrawal or dismissal. Any Associate who, by dishonesty or gross misconduct, forfeits the confidence of his fellows, is liable to instant exclusion. The Association is governed by a Committee of Twelve, which is called the *Conseil de Famille*. This Committee is elected by the members at large.

There is also a *Director-in-Chief* (for the Socialists of France are models of System and Good Order) who is appointed by the Council, and whose services are gratuitous. This *Agent Général* is the responsible head of the Association.—His superintendence, however, is under the immediate surveillance of the Twelve. Every year there is a general meeting of the Associates, and every six months the accounts of the Association are made public. All articles are sold for cash, and at an advance of five per cent. on the original cost. Should this profit be found more than sufficient to pay the moderate expenses of the Association, the per centage will be reduced. In the four *arondessements* (or wards) nearest to the dépôt of the Association, purchases when amounting to two francs—and in the other *arondessements* when amounting to twelve francs—are delivered at the house of the purchaser, free of expense.

In January last the sales of the Association